Alzheimer's

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Alzheimer's

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Sad, sad, and sad. please read

Notes

This entire story is from Will's POV

I usually wake up first. Make breakfast and wait for him to get up. We've both grayed and wrinkled but, that doesn't matter he's still as beautiful as the day we met. When he wakes up I'm greeted with the same question as everyday, "Who are you?"

It breaks my heart knowing that beautiful mind can't remember anything anymore. But, as always I simply smile and take his hand in my own. He always looks confused for a moment and that's my cue, "You are Doctor Hannibal Lecter. I am your husband, Will Graham. We have been married for 20 years. We live in Florence, Italy. Would you like to go down stairs for breakfast?"

I never mentioned the cliff or how we used to kill people or that we are wanted for murder. I prefer to speak of the good not the bad. I always know his answer to the question, but I still ask. It's become habit. Hannibal smiles and I can't help but smile back. I grab his slippers and put them on for him then offer him a hand to go down to the kitchen. I seat him at the head of the table, even if he doesn't remember why. I do. Even though I cook every meal now. I wouldn't feel right with him anywhere else. I play his favorite record while we eat and after we finish breakfast I change it to our song. I smile and bow, "May I have this dance?"

He blushes and bows back. He wraps his arms around my neck and I rest mine on his hips. He lays his head on my shoulder, "Tell me more about our life."

"This song is the first song we ever danced to. I was so nervous I stepped on your toes almost the whole song" he chuckled. I continued, "You insisted on teaching me to dance. So, we danced every night for months on end. Then, we got married on the beach in Greece. It was a very small event just you, me, and a few friends. And you decided to show off my dancing. We danced just like this except you were crying and I was crying, We were kind of a mess if I really think about it."

"Do I treat you right?" Hannibal whispered. I stopped moving, I almost cried then and there, no matter how many times that question came up it would never hurt less, "Yes, you cooked dinner and brought me flowers and even if we fought all day you made sure we never went to bed angry. You told me anything to make me smile, even if it took all night."

My eyes watered up and I buried my head in his neck. I hated crying especially in front of him. He always thought it was his fault. He ran a shaky hand through my hair and kissed my cheek. I always loved that even before his hands started to shake and his kisses became less frequent. I cleared my throat, "Would you like to look at some photos?"

"Absolutely," He smiled. He was always so happy now. Oblivious of the agents that still hunt hunted for us. It would be a career maker, or in Jack's case a career ender. We sat on the couch looking at pictures for hours. I told him the story behind each one. Then we ate supper together. I turned on the shower then stripped off both our clothes. I washed us both and got our pajamas and we crawled into bed. He curled around me as usual, and again I prayed that maybe tomorrow he would remember.

In the morning I cooked, went back up to our room, and waited. He woke up and I saw a glimmer of recognition in his eyes, but it was gone as soon as it came.

"Who are You?"

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